



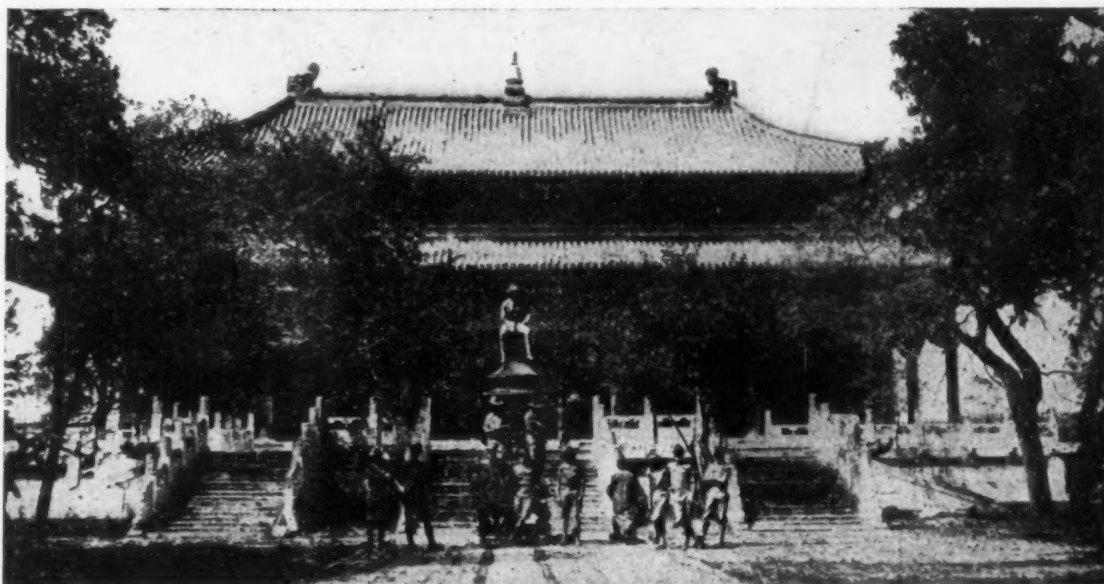
THE LEATHERNECK



Vol. 7, No. 6

WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 30, 1924

Five Cents



Marines Inspecting a Chinese Temple

With the Marines in China From 1841 to 1924

THE LEATHERNECK is indebted to Major Edwin N. McClellan, in charge of the Historical Section of the Marine Corps, for the facts contained in this article.—*The Editor.*

In order to get the proper background for a picture of the China Station it is necessary to review the history of the Marines in that part of the world.

As early as 1841 Marines began to take a part in Chinese affairs when they visited Whampoa on the *Constellation* and the *Boston*, the first American vessels to reach the inner waters of China. In 1844 they formed part of a landing party at Canton, where they dispersed a mob which was threatening an American factory. Ten years later they joined with the British Marines and bluejackets in fighting the Chinese imperial troops at Shanghai. The following year they aided British forces in destroying the piratical Chinese junks of Chulan, while in 1856 they took a great part in storming the barrier forts near Canton. A call for help by the consul sent the Marines hurrying ashore at Newchang, in 1866.

In June, 1871 when Korea was a part of China, the Marines landed there from the *Colorado*, *Alaska* and the *Beneca*, and captured five forts of the "Hermit Kingdom." This series of engagements was known as "Our little war with the heathen."

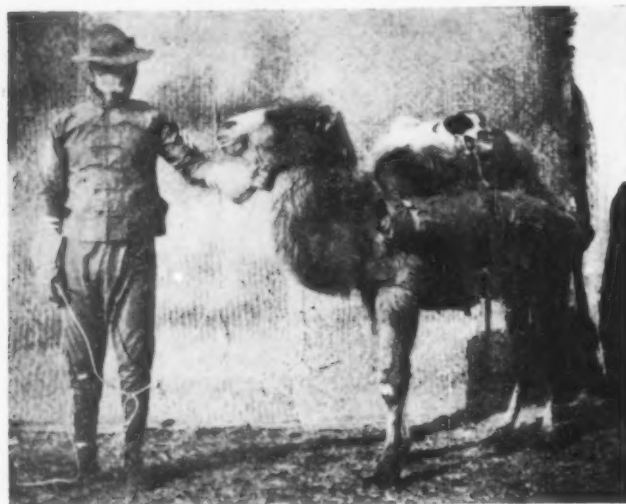
In 1900, at the time of the Boxer trouble, Marines in Peking assisted in the relief of the ill-fated Seymour expedition and formed part of the inner allied relief column which relieved Tientsin and Peking. It was at this time that the first American Legation Guard was established at Peking, under the command of Capt. John T. Myers. Capt. Newt H. Hall was also a member of this command. When the Boxer troubles were over this detachment was withdrawn and it was not until 1905 that the Legation Guard was re-established.

Previous to this time the guard at the Legation had consisted of United

States Infantry companies, but, after a discussion between the Navy and the War Departments, Marines were detailed for the Legation Guard, probably because of less trouble involved in changing personnel, since the Army then ordinarily relieved entire organizations instead of individuals.

The Commanding Officer of this new Guard was Capt. Harry Lee. His junior officers were First Lieut. Thomas Holcomb, Jr., and Second Lieut. Edward T. Larned. There was already a Marine officer in Peking, however, in the person of Capt. Henry Leonard, who was detailed to duty as the military attache at the United States Embassy.

From 1905 until 1911 the Marines were not called upon for any extraordinary duty, but at that time it became necessary to send a battalion to China to protect the Americans during the revolution which started in October and



The Mascot of the American Legation Guard at Peking

which ended in the overthrowing of the Manchu dynasty.

An incident growing out of this revolution was the hasty organization of a detachment of "Horse Marines" in February, 1912, for the purpose of protecting outlying American residents of Peking when a serious mutiny broke out among the Chinese soldiers. This mounted detachment was informal in character at first, but was later officially organized under First Lieut. David M. Randall who was succeeded in turn by First Lieut. Julian P. Willcox, Edwin N. McClellan, David L. S. Brewster and others. Many names famous in Marine Corps history appear on the list of Commanding Officers for the Legation Guard. Following Capt. Harry Lee were Capt. W. H. Clifford, Jr., Capt. Louis M. Gulick, Lieut. Col. George Barnett, Major John H. Russell, Major Dion Williams, Lieut. Col. Wendell C. Neville and Major Charles C. Carpenter. In addition to these, Col. Lincoln Karmany and Col. Robert H. Dunlap have been Commanding Officers, the latter officer being still on duty at Peking.

It is no wonder, when the preceding history is considered, that the Marine ordered to Peking feels a thrill not accompanying the ordinary change of station. Not only is he going to the scene of many famous encounters, but he is going to the Orient—that strange and fascinating place which so grows upon the men on duty there, that it is with great reluctance that they leave.

The post at Peking is a wonderful place. It can best be described by quoting from an article previously published in THE LEATHERNECK and written by an officer who knows China well.

Speaking of the Legation Guard, he says: "There they have a beautiful compound with flowers and trees, a tennis court, a handball court, and a swimming pool all within a stone's throw of each other. Around this compound

days, by the Marines. Outside and to the west is the American Glacis, on which there is room for a baseball and football field. In the winter it forms a fine skating rink."

Of sports there seems to be no end in Peking, for from the above and from other writers we learn of hockey, tennis, horse racing, polo and track athletics, in addition to the ones already named. There are private clubs outside, in the Tartar City, both for officers and for the men, and, in addition, there is a Y. M. C. A. and also a beautiful hostess house. In recent letters from Peking we learn of hunting deer, bighorn sheep, chamois and quail in Mongolia.

"Back of this," to quote again, "is the real Chinese atmosphere, Chinese gentlemen, coolies, camels, rickshaws and carts—in a word, China with its teeming life, its old customs, its beautiful temples, buildings and gates," and with all this in mind it is not hard to agree that "life in Peking is indeed worth living for the United States Marine."



Slipping One Over on the Heathen Chinese

on the north are officers' quarters and offices, on the east and south the low constructed barracks of long ago, while on the west is the new barracks, three stories high with a recently added gymnasium to top it off.

Separated from this compound by the American Legation and the Dutch Legation is the Quartermaster's compound with shops, storerooms and stables. Just south, separated by a street, is the Tartar Wall, held, in part, during the Boxer

MARINES PROTECT AMERICANS IN CHINA

During a recent uprising in China the Marines from the U. S. S. *Asheville* were called upon to act as armed guards for the protection of Americans at the Baptist Mission in Tung Shan, Canton, China. No trouble was encountered however perhaps because of the fact that the "heathen Chinese" and the U. S. Marines have met before.

There was a Gyrene named Hast,
Whose troubles belong to the past;
He'll look down the bore of his rifle no more,

To see why the bullets go fast.

MARINES IN NICARAUGUA MAKE FAVORABLE IMPRESSION

In the latest issue of the *Legation Sentinel*, the official Marine paper of the American Legation at Managua, Nicaragua, we note a message from the Commanding Officer to his detachment, which we quote, in part:

"The Commanding Officer desires to express to the entire command his keen appreciation of the co-operation, assistance and good will of the personnel of this post. In your military work, in your sports, and in your very excellent behavior, you have relieved the Commanding Officer of many anxieties and have demonstrated that Marines on foreign station can be a credit to their country just as easily as they can create a contrary impression. Your Commanding Officer gratefully acknowledges his pride in an organization such as now exists at the Marine Barracks, Managua, Nicaragua.

(Signed) JOHN MARSTON,

Major, U. S. M. C. Commanding."

It is a pleasure to read a message like that. We'll wager that when the men of that detachment read those words their pride at having earned such praise equalled the pride of their commanding officer in them. Moreover, such appreciation of their efforts will spur each and every one of them on to harder work than ever. THE LEATHERNECK congratulates the Legation Detachment upon its wonderful spirit and hopes to read more about it in the *Legation Sentinel*.

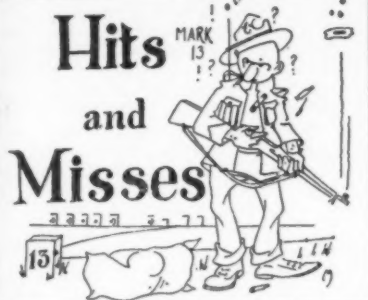
TRICKLINGS FROM ST. JULIEN'S CREEK

Mark that "Saint" part. It sounds religious but as the fellow said it doesn't mean anything. You may not find us on your map, but we're there. This place is bounded on the north by pine timber and swamps, on the south by the southern branch of the Elizabeth River, on the west by nothing in particular and on the east by fertilizer factories (we pray for anything but an east wind).

We tried to get the Paymaster to pay us for foreign service, but he says we are still within the three-mile limit. However, we are quite content; we have an A1 Commanding Officer, a fine Mess Sergeant and a good bunch of cooks. So what more can we want? Pay-day comes around here once a month just the same as any place else and that's all we need to top things off.

T. J. T.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Naval Ammunition Depot, Portsmouth, Va.



Teacher of Hygiene: "Why must we always be careful to keep our homes clean and neat?"

Little Girl: "Because company may walk in at any time."—*London Review*.

"I certainly am leg weary."

"Been walking?"

"No. I've been watching a girls' basketball tournament."

"Lost all my luggage coming back from leave."

"How come?"

"The cork came out."—*Exch.*

First Old Maid (awakening): "There's a man in the house."

Second Old Maid: "You shut the door and I'll lock the windows."—*Exchange*.

What's wrong with this sentence—

The Scotchman pushed his way to the front and said, "Boys, let me buy the first drink."

Too Close

Hall Boy: "De man in room seben has done hang hisself!"

Hotel Clerk: "Did you cut him down?"

Hall Boy: "No, sah. He ain't dead yet!"—*Life*.

Wise: "Are you the young lady who took my order?"

Waitress: "Yes, sir."

Wise: "You're still looking well. How are your grandchildren?"

There Was Hope

Lady—Tobe, I'm sorry to hear your wife got a divorce.

Tobe—Yessum, she done gone back to Alabama.

Lady—Who will do my washing now?

Tobe—Well, mum, I's co'tin' again and I co'ts rapid.

Spoiled for Him

"What, colonel, you refusing cucumbers? I thought they were your favorite dish," exclaimed the astonished waiter.

"They were," sighed Col. Boozem of Kentucky, "but I just read that they were 90 per cent water."

It Pays to Advertise

The patter of tiny feet was heard from the head of the stairs. Mrs. Kinderby raised her hand, warning her visitors to silence. "Hush," she said softly, "the children are going to deliver their good-night message. It is always so touching. Listen."

There was a moment of tense silence. Then: "Mama," came the message in a shrill whisper, "Willie found a bed-bug."

No Sale

The clerk was showing a customer some parasols.

As he picked up one from the lot on the counter, he struck an attitude of admiration, and holding it up to the light he said: "Now, isn't it lovely? Look at the silk. Observe the quality, the general effect! Feel it! No nonsense about that parasol, is there?"

"No," said the customer. "That's my old one. I just laid it there."—*Hello Buddy*.

Gob looking at Mt. Vesuvius—It looks like Hell.

Native—My, how those sailors travel.

At a recent wedding reception the best man remarked to the prim little maid of honor: "Wasn't it annoying the way that baby cried all during the ceremony?" "It was simply dreadful," she replied, "and when I get married I'm going to have engraved on the invitations, 'No babies expected.'"—*Exchange*.

Teacher in Geography—And now, Elmer, how many poles are there?

Elmer—They is seventeen lives next door to us.—*Awgwan*.

Teacher—What, Oscar, is the Ancient Order of the Bath?

Young Oscar (puzzled)—I dunno. Johnny usually comes first, then Willie, then the baby.

"That insolent creature asked me if I remember how dreadfully cold it was in 1895!"

"Oh, she didn't mean anything—very likely she doesn't know what a bad memory you've got, dear."

"My husband is a deceitful wretch."

"What makes you think that?"

"Last night he pretended to believe me when he knew I was lying to him."

"What became of that gate you and your girl used to swing on?"

"She gave it to me."

He—Look here, little boy, I'll give you fifty cents if you'll get me one of your sister's curls.

Little Boy—All right. I think I know where she puts them.

Excited Lady—I want six ounces of sulphuric acid.

Clerk—Yes, ma'am. Are you going to drink it or throw it in another lady's face?—*Exchange*.

Psych. Prof.—What are the five senses.

Barnes—Nickels.

The Helping Hand

Jack—I hear that Hawkins is helping out at the new soft drink emporium.

Jim—I should say he is. He helped three fellows out yesterday.

Stupid Mistake

Mistress—Mary, we'd rather you didn't entertain policemen in our home.

The Cook—The man in uniform ye saw, mum, was no officer of the law, but me own private chauffeur.—*Exchange*.

"Here comes a good-lookin' fellow, Mazie. What're we doin' today, flirtin' or bein' indignant?"

Spanish Drama

Act I: Bull, two toreadors.

Act II: Bull, one toreador.

Act III: Bull.

—*Exchange*.

A Good Judge

Wife—I was taken in to dinner by that officer you introduced me to. He was quite nice, and remarked upon my bird-like appetite.

Hubby—Well, he should be a good judge on that point, dear. He runs an ostrich farm in South Africa.—*Life*.

Mrs. Jones—Nora, was the butcher impudent again when you telephoned your order in this morning?

Nora—No, ma'am. Sure, but Oi fixed him this toime. Oi says, "Who the hell do yez t'ink yer talkin' to?—this is Mrs. Jones."

He—This is the first time I have ever kissed a girl.

She—You don't know that I'm the blonde who last year was the brunette you told the same thing to.—*Exchange*.

Where Silence Was Best

Well-meaning Stranger—Perhaps I can help you—there are one or two things I can tell you about your make of car.

Motorist—Well, keep them to yourself. There are ladies present.—*The By-stander* (London).

"How did you like the queer little Chinese back-scratchers I gave you for Christmas, Nan?"

"My dear! Were those back-scratchers? And here I've been making poor Peter eat his salad with them!"—*Judge*.

"The next person who interrupts the proceedings will be sent home," said the judge.

"Hurray!" said the prisoner.—*Exchange*.

MANANA

By FAP

This is a Spanish word, pronounced "Manyana," languidly and leisurely, and is the most important day in a lazy man's life.

Manana means tomorrow.

It is the watchword of the weary, the slogan of the slumberer.

Manana serves the sluggard instead of "Pep." It takes the place of the "Get up and git" of the hustler.

It is the day when the ne'er-do-well gets the job and the miser sends his wife to Palm Beach.

It is the day when the little boy wipes his feet before coming into the house and the little girl asks to wipe the dishes.

It is the bum's busy day and the first day on the wagon for the rum hound.

Manana is the day when the Gyrene thinks he will enroll in a course, start saving his clothing money, and put something away for the day that he is discharged.

But MANANA NEVER GETS HERE.

THE LEATHERNECK

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"The Leatherneck" has a National Paid-in-Advance Subscription list which includes every Post and Station in the Marine Corps, every capital ship in the Navy, and many Libraries, Reading Rooms, Colleges, Lodges and Clubs in the United States, as well as thousands of Service Men and their relatives throughout the country.

SOME NAVY PAPERS.

THE LEATHERNECK does not know as much about these as it would like to. There is not sufficient exchange of papers in the Naval Service. Nevertheless there are copies of several Navy publications in the office, enough of them to justify comment.

Our Navy is, of course, the great Navy paper. It is by far the best of all. It is well edited, fair, comprehensive, and attractively gotten up. It represents the entire Naval Service, and does it well.

The *Sub-Base Ballast* is a little sheet issued by the U. S. Submarine Base, Coco Solo, C. Z., Panama. Its field is limited but its work is good. In printing local news of sports, social events, and items of interest to its readers it fills a useful purpose. Its caption is: "A paper of the Navy—by the Navy—for the Navy." The bare fact that there is such a paper in such a place speaks well for the enterprise of the personnel and shows the real Navy spirit.

The *Newport Recruit* "is published every day for the good of the Navy." That is what it says, and is. Its home is the Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I., Captain Frank Taylor Evans, U. S. N., commanding. It is edited in the office of the Chaplain and the printing is conducted by R. E. Teeter, Chief Printer, U. S. N., and R. T. Dalton, Printer 1st Class, U. S. N. This interesting and well gotten up paper contains not only articles of purely local interest, such as sports and entertainments, but branches out into broader fields. In the issue of January 12th there is an article on "The Navy in the World War," and another which discusses the "Winter Maneuvers." One column is headed: "This paper is what you make it," and in one place it says: "This is your paper, and we want YOU to contribute to its columns." Well "YOU," whoever "YOU" are, have managed to make a pretty good paper of the *Recruit*. THE LEATHERNECK appreciates "your" attitude and wishes "you" success. The Naval Service needs papers like *The Newport Recruit*.

The *Tennessee Tar* is a ship's paper, printed on board the U. S. S. *Tennessee*,

Captain Luke McNamee, U. S. N., commanding. The editor is Ensign J. A. Roberts, U. S. N., and the associates and contributors are "the ships company." This is as it should be; a "Ship's paper" is of, by, and for the ship. Most of the articles seem to be of a local and personal nature, and as such they are bound to be interesting to the ship's company. There are some Fleet athletic notes and some good jokes. THE LEATHERNECK is glad to receive the *Tennessee Tar*.

The *Keystone* is another ship's paper, published on the U. S. S. *Pennsylvania*. After looking over copies of the *Keystone* the office force of THE LEATHERNECK comes briskly to attention and salutes the ship, her Captain and her crew. It is not at all necessary for us to read that on December 5th Rear Admiral W. V. Pratt inspected the *Pennsylvania* and then pronounced her "clean, smart, and efficient." Although *The Keystone* is silent on the subject THE LEATHERNECK already had that information. No ship could issue such a paper unless it was all that Admiral Pratt said of it. It is something new in the Naval Service to judge a ship or an organization by its paper, but why not? *The Keystone* is way above average in both news and style, and it shows the finest thing a ship can have, pride. The staff of *The Keystone* is composed of the following: Captain John F. Hines, U. S. N., commanding and editor-in-chief; Captain Robert Blake, U. S. M. C., editor; Lieut. W. N. Thomas (ChC) U. S. N., manager; Ensign F. R. Talbot, U. S. N., assistant editor; Ensign L. J. Huffman, U. S. N., athletic editor; Ensign A. C. Davis, U. S. N., assistant editor. The enlisted staff appears to include every Division and Department on the ship. No wonder *The Keystone* is a good paper. The crowd is back of it, and the crowd would not be back of it unless it were back of the ship itself. When the crowd is back of anything that thing is GOOD, and from this we conclude that the *Pennsylvania* is all that Admiral Pratt said it was. Q. E. D. Is it fair to judge a ship or an organization by the character of its paper?

There are many other periodicals published by the Naval Service. We are sorry that we do not receive all of them. We would like to tell the Marines about them. Will those not already on our exchange list please notify us by sending in copies so that we may respond with the current issue of THE LEATHERNECK?

Question Box

A reader from Parris Island inquires: "When did the Marines first fire against Germany? Is it known who fired the first shot?"

Answer: Contrary to popular belief, the first shot fired by Marines against the German flag was not in France, but in the Harbor of Apra, Guam, on the morning of April 6, 1917. This shot was fired by Corporal Cordrey, U. S. M. C. in following out the orders of Major Ethelbert Talbot, who was in charge of a Marine Battery on Cabras Island. The circumstances, briefly, are these: The German cruiser *Cormorant* had been interned at Guam since 1914. On the

morning of April 6, 1917, a cutter from the *Cormorant* was ashore for provisions, when the officer in charge heard that the United States had declared war. Immediately attempted to carry the news to his commanding officer, although an American small boat was already headed toward the German ship, with an officer aboard to demand the surrender of the vessel. It was to stop the German cutter that Major Talbot ordered the first shot fired, that the *Cormorant* might not be forewarned. As will be remembered, however, the German commander was already prepared and on receipt of the demand for surrender he blew up his vessel, killing a number of men rather than have her fall into the hands of the United States.

Erratum

THE LEATHERNECK wishes to correct a misstatement of names of members on the examining board for new candidates for commission. This should have read as follows: "A board consisting of Maj. Joseph A. Rossell, Maj. Thomas E. Thrasher, Capt. W. H. Rupertus and First Lieut. Dudley S. Brown, Recorder. . . ."

SERGEANT MAJOR DIXON TO RETIRE

In accordance with law and his application, Sergeant Major Ballard F. Dixon, will on January 30, 1924, be placed upon the retired list of enlisted men of the Marine Corps after having completed 30 years' service in the Army and Marine Corps combined. In a letter from the Major General Commandant to Sergeant Major Dixon informing him of his retirement, the Commandant is quoted as follows:

"You have served your country long and faithfully, and your record is a credit to yourself and to the Marine Corps. This office extends a sincere wish that you may have every happiness in your well-earned retirement from active duty."

BOSTON MARINES SEE "AD" STONE FIGHT

Ad stone, the fighting ex-Marine, made his debut in Boston recently by decisively defeating "Wolf" Larsen in a ten round bout at Mechanics Hall. After the first round it was very evident that Larsen's only chance of winning the fight was to slip over a lucky knockout punch, but Stone was much too fast for him. Several times during the scrap the "Wolf" was on the verge of being knocked out and it was only his ability to absorb terrific punishment that kept him on his feet at the final gong. Larsen, a native of Boston, was greeted with tremendous applause upon entering the ring, but soon after the fight got under way, the fans greatly impressed with Stone's cleverness and clean fighting, began to applaud the ex-Marine. Quite a number of Marines from this post witnessed the fray. Stone is proud of the fact that he was once a Marine, and proves it by wearing the Marine Corps emblem surrounded by the letters "U. S. M. C." on the back of his bathrobe. His seconds also wear this insignia on their sweaters.

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NEWPORT MARINES HAVE OWN MANEUVERS

The Marines from Quantico may be having a time with their maneuvers in the Canal Zone, but we are having maneuvers also. Major W. C. Powers, our Commanding Officer, has dubbed us the "Blues," defenders of Newport, which the "Reds" were attempting to capture. To prevent them from landing on Newport Beach we "took" a hill overlooking the Beach, but in some unforeseen manner, part of the "Red's" landing force filtered through our lines and took up a position on another hill back of the town. We forced them to retreat and prevented them from returning to their boats—and that's as far as we have gone. Many new problems ahead of us and—well, you know what Sherman said.

We don't mind furnishing players for some Navy athletic teams, but we decided we'd have a basketball team of our own, so we chose "Red" Thomason of the Wakefield Range Detachment as Captain, and have started in to work. Games have been scheduled with teams from the Torpedo Station, the Training Station and Fort Adams. The latter is an Army aggregation and must be beaten.

W. W. FLEWELLING.

MARINE FALLS FROM SIRIUS BUT DELIVERS MESSAGE

While delivering a message from Major Horton, of the Expeditionary Force, to the Commanding Officer of the *Sirius*, a Marine messenger by name of Sponburgh fell into the sea from the bow of the vessel.

He was hauled aboard, however, and proceeded to deliver his message, apparently none the worse for his ducking.

CAPTAIN SPARROW DIES WITH SHIP

It is with regret that THE LEATHERNECK announces the death of Capt. H. G. Sparrow, late commander of the U. S. S. *Tacoma*, which was recently lost in a storm at Vera Cruz.

Captain Sparrow and three radio operators remained on board the vessel to keep up communication with the shore, and all four lost their lives in carrying out their duties. Several other members of the crew were bruised and injured before they were rescued.

COOKS' AND BAKERS' SCHOOL OPENS FEB. 1ST

The school for cooks and bakers, with which the Marine Corps intends to carry out its policy of having expert bakers and cooks throughout the service, will be opened on February 1st, at Parris Island.

The school will be a separate administrative unit under the command of First Lieutenant B. I. Bird, with Marine Gunner J. W. Kirkey as executive officer.

WITH THE MARINES IN HISTORIC YORKTOWN

The reservation at Yorktown covers eighteen square miles. It is a national game preserve and for that reason hunting is prohibited. Naturally, since it is situated in one of the most historical parts of the country there are many old relics, grave yards and houses. One tombstone is dated as far back as 1701. The remains of the home of the first Colonial Governor stands on the bluff by the river at the Aviation Field. The old Lee home, in which Pocahontas was entertained, is still in use and is occupied by an ex-service man who takes excellent care of it. It is also the home of William Lightfoot Lee.

Part of the Marine Detachment at Yorktown is mounted so we are "horse Marines," in which capacity we serve as patrols on the reservation.

There is excellent fishing here and good swimming in the summer. We have a farm and have had splendid luck raising vegetables for the mess, so that between the garden and the fishing the men have fared very well.

Since this is our first contribution to THE LEATHERNECK we may be excused for going back a little in covering our activities the most exciting among which have been the putting out of two fires in Yorktown. The first introduced the Marines as firefighters when some old warehouses burned. The second fire was more serious since it menaced both the Naval Mine Depot and the Navy Fuel Oil Station, but it was controlled after a hard fight, most of which had to be done under a dock where the men worked up to their armpits in cold water. A short time later the people of Yorktown and the Chesapeake Steamship Company (whose dock had been saved) gave the Marines an oyster supper in appreciation of their efforts.

We have a fair amount of recreation in spite of our isolated post. Once each month the Naval Y. M. C. A. of Norfolk visit us and brings local talent to help us put on a program, after which there is always dancing and refreshments. In addition to this, of course, we have the usual moving picture shows. There is also a string orchestra and a vocal quartet, both of which render good programs regularly.

MARINE GUARD HANDLES VISITORS ON LEVIATHAN

When the S. S. *Leviathan* put into the Naval Dry Dock at South Boston it was necessary to increase the Marine Guard at that place by twenty men in order to handle the great crowd of visitors who were eager to inspect the huge vessel, as was also the case several months ago when the *Leviathan* was at that port.

"Eavesdropping," said Adam as his wife fell out of the fig tree.

OVERHEARD IN CHARLESTON

The basketball team has certainly come through, winning three out of four games played. We have some more athletes, especially in "B" room, but their sports are usually horizontal exercise and checkers. Then we have a coming champion by name of Lewman—if he doesn't win out in boxing he'll make up for it in the chow line. How that boy can eat!

Sergt. Major B. F. Dixon has left us to receive his reward for thirty years' faithful service. The good wishes of the entire command go with him.

Cpl. Peter Alesch is enjoying (?) a thirty-day leave somewhere in the wilds of Georgia. Maybe he'll appreciate civilization when he gets back.

Ora C. Harter, our erstwhile post electrician, movie operator, baseball and assistant football manager, truck driver and whatnot, has left us for civilian life. We were surely sorry to see him go.

Dimm, Davis and Worrell are gluttons for punishment. Maybe they're trying to catch up to Al Friedman, shiek of sheiks. The other day the post plumber started walking for Oklahoma with a towel and a bottle of hair tonic. D. K.'s college is likely to have a new acquisition if he doesn't look out.

DEWEY KILLEN.

MORE QUANTICO QUIPS

The uniform of the night is three blankets—if you're that lucky.

When Willie Forester put in for the Naval Ammunition Depot at Dover the C. O. asked him what he knew about mines. "Why, I know all about 'em," says Willie, "I used to work in 'em."

They tore down the Barracks Detachment Mess Hall the other day—but darned if it seems to have bothered the old menu at all.

"Red" Bolman, who fights his battles with a cornet, goes out on the 21st. Guess Paul Whiteman will be down about the 20th.

Talk about height of ambition or something—a man enlisted here the other day and half an hour later was scouting dope for getting into the next Candidate for Commission Class.

The post painter is busy these days making rock look like coal. He's a great little camouflager.

Heard the other day: Gibson—What character did Bunken get on discharge?

Obee: Excellent.

Gibby: H'm. Very good.

Obee: No; excellent!

Gibby: I say that's very good—for him.

Sergt. Major Ball isn't going horseback riding after all—that's just a swagger stick he's carrying.

SERG. JOHN ADAMS.

The dog stood on the burning deck,
The flames reached clear up to his neck—Hot Dog!

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Have You The Courage to Start Over?

By WILLIAM C. ROBERTS

I ADMIT very frankly that I didn't—not until it was almost too late. It is not easy to "start over" after you have been working in one position for a number of years—small as that position and its salary may be.

I used to wish, sometimes, that I had been more fortunate in my choice of a business when I first started to work, or that I had studied a little when I was younger and had fewer responsibilities.

I knew that I had just as much natural ability as many of the men who were getting ahead of me. And yet, somehow or other, Opportunity seemed always to pass me by.

Sometimes I blamed it on myself—sometimes I thought that other men had more influence or pull with the firm than I had—sometimes I overestimated the part that Luck plays in a man's success.

Then one day I met Jim Bartlett!

Now, Jim Bartlett was my best friend. He was a successful business man and he talked straight from the shoulder. There was no mincing words when he started analyzing my capabilities and telling me what I ought to do.

"Bill," he said earnestly, "the trouble with you is that you have fallen into a rut. You work hard enough, but you haven't any definite goal.

"It may sound brutal for me to say this, but there's only one reason why you aren't getting more money, and that is because you don't deserve it. You've never made any effort to improve yourself after working hours. You've never trained yourself to handle larger responsibility."

"But what can I do?" I asked helplessly. "I have a wife and child. I'm too old to take chances."

"Too old?" fairly shouted Jim. "Too old? Why, if anything, you're too young!"

"At 35, Henry Ford was working in the mechanical department of the Edison Electrical Light & Powers Co., for \$150 a month. At 38, John H. Patterson, who founded the National Cash Register Company, was the proprietor of a small and none too successful country store. At 25, George Eastman, president of the Eastman Kodak Company, was earning \$1400 a year as a bookkeeper in a savings bank. At 22, Edison was a roaming telegraph operator—out of a job—too poor, when he arrived in New York, to buy his own breakfast.

"Success wasn't handed to these men on a silver platter, Bill. They worked for it and worked hard—not only during the day,

but at night, when the average worker was lazing around the house or shooting pool. And you've got to do the same thing if you ever want to get anywhere."

Five years have passed since I had that conversation with Jim Bartlett—five important, eventful years.

I remember going home that night to a frugal supper and telling my wife of my conversation with Jim. I remember putting my head in my hands and thinking harder than I had thought in years.

Then my wife entered the room silently, and coming up behind me, placed one hand on my shoulder.

"Have you made your decision?" she asked.

It was a simple little question, but there was something in her tone and in the tender, trusting way her hand lay upon my shoulder that sent a thrill clear through me. There could be only one answer to an appeal like that.

"Yes, Mary, I have made my decision," I said—"a decision that is going to change our lives. The past is gone—dead—forgotten. But To-day is here and To-morrow is yet to come. I'm going to show Jim Bartlett and the world that I've got the stuff in me to succeed—and succeed big."

It was a brave speech for me, but somehow I knew that I was making a prediction that was sure to come true. So it came about that night, before I went to bed, I cut out the familiar little coupon I had seen so often and mailed it to the International Correspondence Schools.

I tell you frankly that I had no idea that the course would be so interesting—so easy—so fascinating—so profitable.

Six months after I started studying with the I. C. S., I received my first promotion and an increase in salary—inside of a year I was assistant manager of my department. A year later I was made manager and I have held that position for more than three years.

Jim Bartlett claims most of the credit for getting me out of the rut and I am glad to give it to him. He did start me thinking in the right direction.

But Mary and I both know that just "thinking" wouldn't have helped me very much if I hadn't sent in that coupon when I did and started studying in my spare time.

Take the advice of a man who has been through it all and send in this coupon today. It is a little thing to do—it will take only a moment of your time—but it may be the means of changing your whole life.

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☐ Gas Engine Operating
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENGINEER
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
☐ Marine Engineer
☐ ARCHITECT
☐ Contractor and Builder

☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Structural Engineer
☐ PLUMBING & HEATING
☐ Sheet-Metal Worker
☐ Textile Overseer or Superintendent
☐ CHEMIST
☐ Pharmacy
☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
☐ SALESMANSHIP
☐ ADVERTISING
☐ Show-Card & Sign Painting
☐ Railroad Positions
☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ Cartooning
☐ PRIVATE SECRETARY
☐ Business Correspondent

☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ Stenographer & Typist
☐ Certified Public Accountant
☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ Cost Accountant
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☐ GOOD ENGLISH
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MARINE CORPS ORDERS

January 21, 1924.

Major Frederick R. Hoyt—Detached Recruiting District of Boston, to Second Brig., D. R.

January 22, 1924.

First Lieut. Gustaf A. Brodstrom—On January 25, 1924, detached from M. B., Quantico, Va., and from active duty, and ordered to resume station on the retired list of the Marine Corps.

January 23, 1924.

Capt. James F. Moriarty—Detached M. B., Quantico, Va., to Second Brigade, Santo Domingo, D. R.

Pay Clerk Charles W. Eaton—Detached Headquarters, Washington, to M. B., N. S., St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

Pay Clerk Cleveland A. Voss—Detached M. B., N. S., St. Thomas, V. I., to Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

January 24, 1924

Capt. Lewis G. Merritt—Detached M. B., N. A. S., Pensacola, Fla., to M. B., Quantico, Va.

Second Lieut. John G. Clausing—Detached M. B., N. A. S., Pensacola, Fla., to M. B., Quantico, Va.

Second Lieut. Harold D. Hail—Detached M. B., N. A. S., Pensacola, Fla., to M. B., Quantico, Va.

January 25, 1924

No orders issued.

January 26, 1924

First Lieut. Stanley E. Ridderhof—Detached M. B., N. A. S., Pensacola, Fla., to M. B., Quantico, Va.

Second Lieut. Franklin G. Cowie—Detached M. B., N. A. S., Pensacola, Fla., to M. B., Quantico, Va.

Mary's Beau

When Mary saw her beau in blues
She said, "He sure looks fine,
That's the uniform I choose,
I want that guy for mine.

It surely is a classy style,
With big red stripes and gold.
I wish he'd wear it all the while,
It fits him like a mold."

When Mary saw his winter-fields,
They pleased her quite a lot,
She said that Gyrene looked to her
Like Johnny on the spot.

But one day when he wore his cits
The poor guy met his fate,
For Mary threw eleven fits,
And gave her beau the gate.

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WEEKLY REPORT Marine Corps Institute

January 30, 1924

ENROLLMENT BY SCHOOLS

Total number individuals enrolled.. 7604

Business Schools

Civil Service.....	791
Commerce.....	449
Banking, etc.....	21
Business Management.....	60
Commercial Law.....	60
Higher Accounting.....	310
Railroad Accounting.....	0
Traffic Management.....	40
Marine Officers Accounting.....	593

Construction Schools

Agriculture.....	116
Poultry Husbandry.....	69
Domestic Science.....	18
Architecture.....	104
Drafting.....	107
Mechanical Engineering.....	69
Shop Practice.....	47
Civil Engineering.....	117
Navigation.....	88
Textiles.....	9
Plumbing, etc.....	90
Concrete Engineering.....	21
Structural Engineering.....	14
Illustrating and Design.....	118
Show Card Lettering.....	51
Sign Lettering.....	60

Industrial Schools

Automobiles.....	680
Chemistry.....	30
Mining & Metallurgy.....	42
Pharmacy.....	59
Electrical Engineering.....	413
Telephony and Telegraphy.....	271
Steam Engineering.....	72
Gas Engines.....	236
Refrigeration.....	12

Academic Schools

Advertising.....	57
Salesmanship.....	182
Foreign Trade.....	19
Window Trimming, etc.....	14
Languages.....	317
General English.....	938
Preparatory.....	782

Total..... 7604

Number of examination papers received during week..... 1175

Number of examination papers received during 1924..... 3437

The Wonders of Education by Correspondence.

Will wonders never cease! One of the graduates of the last clerical school, now at Headquarters, Washington, D. C., has been studying the violin by correspondence during the last six months or so. According to his own statement, Private N— is making great strides in this difficult art, although he has not yet procured an instrument. One of his well-wishing friends suggested that he take a long distance course in singing, but the suggestion was not particularly well received by this would-be Kriesler.

Loony Limericks

A lad took a salesmanship course,
To learn how to get a divorce,
He said, "If I sell her, to some other fellow,
I'll never cause for remorse."

A Gyrene went blind reading law,
And when he developed this flaw,
He happened to stop, in a carpenter shop
And he picked up a hammer and saw.

She: "I can tell a lady by the way she dresses, can't you?"

He: "I never watched one dress."—Widow.



MARINES RECENTLY REENLISTING

William Gaffey, 1-18-24, Quantico.
Edward Blakeney, 1-17-24, West Coast.
George J. Cerny, 1-14-24, Brooklyn.
Clyde T. Smith, 1-11-24, San Diego.
John J. Sweenich, 1-11-24, San Diego.
Claude F. Gadberry, 1-11-24, Mare Island.

Clarence Wagness, 12-14-23, Peking, China.

Wiley M. Wrinkle, 12-17-23, Peking, China.

Charles E. Rupkey, 1-18-24, Quantico.
Herman E. Pollnow, 1-3-24, Philadelphia.

William J. Brinkman, 1-14-24, San Diego.

Homer Jarvis, 1-15-24, San Diego.

Gustav V. Anderson, 1-21-24, New York.

Wilbur I. James, 1-22-24, NY., Washington.

Leslie E. Patrick, 1-19-24, Quantico.

William DeMik, 1-16-24, West Coast.

Fred I. Pierce, 1-17-24, San Diego.

Harry L. Besley, 1-19-24, Indian Head.

The Old Timer Says.

Fine uniforms don't always make fine Marines.

There is many a slip 'twixt the main gate and the barracks.

A Marine in the ranks is worth two in the brig.

A soft answer turneth a away a wrathful non-com.

Uneasy lies the head that rates a deck court.

A stitch in time saves the clothing allowance.

Absence on foreign duty makes the heart grow fonder for the United States.

Policeman: "Now, then, come out of that. Bathing's not allowed after 8 A. M."

Aviator, who has fallen into the water: "It's all right, officer; I'm not bathing. I'm only drowning."

"Always remember," said Thomas' father, "that whatever you attempt, there is only one way to learn, and that is by beginning at the very bottom. There are no exceptions to this."

"None at all?" asked Tommy.

"None" said father decisively.

"Well, then," asked Tommy, "how about swimming?"

Two gentlemen riding on the train were both very much intoxicated. First gentleman: "What time is it?" Second gentleman, extracting match box from his pocket with much exertion, and gazing at it intently: "Two o'clock." First gentleman: "Good heavens, I've got to get off here."

MARINES ENJOY LIFE AT "CAMP LEJEUNE"

Accompanying this item is a picture of the Marine Camp at Culebra, P. R., which is pitched on a beautiful knoll overlooking "Great Harbor."

We are quoting from the first letter to reach us from our representative on the Expedition:

"We were very fortunate on the *Chaumont* in having beautiful weather while we were en route from Quantico to Culebra. Only a very small percentage of the men were seasick, and even they soon recuperated. There were movies on board Friday and Saturday nights and a smoker Sunday night, at which the men were entertained by boxing and soft-shoe dancing. The most exciting bout was won by Joe Fergon of the Service Company."

"At two o'clock in the afternoon of the seventh we dropped our 'mudhook' and in less than twenty-four hours the *Chaumont* was unloaded and ready to leave. By nightfall of the next day we were settled in 'Camp Lejeune.' The *Sirius* dropped anchor shortly after the *Chaumont* and a pontoon bridge was thrown between



Camp Lejeune at Culebra

the ship and the beach to expedite the work of unloading the heavy artillery as well as tanks and trucks being landed over this bridge."

"The Force Canteen is running full time now and everything is being done to maintain a high standard of sanitary

conditions; there are movies in camp every night and special liberty parties are sent to San Juan, P. R., each week so that every man in the Force will have an opportunity to see that city before departure."

(Signed) V. H. GALT.

LEAP YEAR DANCE TO BE HELD AT BOSTON BARRACKS

Preparations are now under way for a Leap Year Dance to be given by the enlisted men of this post on February 29, at the Armory in the Navy Yard. This is believed to be the first dance ever held by the enlisted men of this post in the history of the barracks, but judging by the arrangements which are being made it will probably be one of the most elaborate affairs ever held in the Yard.

Other posts have been far ahead of us in the line of entertainments and other activities, but we are beginning to show some signs of life, and we feel sure that in the near future this post will be second to none when it comes to providing real entertainment for the men.

M. M. KIESLER.

ATHLETICS KEEP MARINES FIT AT MANAGUA

Interest in athletics remains high at this post. Volley ball being one of the favorite sports. Afternoon police work has been knocked off as resulting in a keener interest in athletics and greater competition.

Basketball and baseball teams are still on a winning streak, having taken games from several native teams in the past month.

Handball is also running high, another tournament being planned for this month. A third tile tennis court has been completed and is now ready for use.

The new rifle range, which has just been completed, has been named "Camp Dayton" in honor of Rear Admiral John H. Dayton, U. S. Navy, Commander, Special Service Squadron.—From the *Legation Sentinel*.

THREE MARINES COMMENDED BY GENERAL LEJEUNE FOR HEROIC CONDUCT

Sergt. Varyl D. Johnson, Bernard G. Scullen and Edward Abrams, all of the Recruiting District of Baltimore, have been commended by the Major General Commandant for meritorious and heroic conduct in entering an open gas main for the purpose of rescuing several employees of the gas company of Baltimore who had been overcome by escaping gas.

DID YOU KNOW

That General Lejeune's commission as Major General Commandant was the first one signed by the late President Harding when he became President?

The old-fashioned girl used to stay at home when she had nothing to wear.



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